



Dana Gottesfeld, Contributor
Blogger

Exhibit 132

The Wrong Ortiz Retired From Boston

10/26/2016 08:52 am ET | Updated Mar 08, 2017



PAT GREENHOUSE/THE BOSTON GLOBE VIA GETTY IMAGES

Red Sox slugger David Ortiz retired his bat to great fanfare across the league, and especially in Boston. That Ortiz will always be fondly remembered.

My name is Martin Gottesfeld, and I stand accused of knocking Boston Children's Hospital off the internet with a massive cyber attack that was neither designed to nor actually hurt any patients. But that is only the surface of a deeper, more sinister, and tragic story. I will now take you with me down that rabbit hole.

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On Monday, Newsweek informed my wife that U.S. Attorney Carmen Ortiz's office finally responded to a statement I released from prison:

The fact that Ortiz's office indicted on debate day, and without a press release, shows they are aware of the unconscionable human rights violations they are attempting to sweep under the rug and the precedence of impunity that would be even more firmly established. They have no compassion for the suffering of Justina Pelletier, a mentally and physically challenged child, ripped from her family, left in agony without her painkillers, and locked in an abusive psych ward. Nor are they concerned with any real semblance of true justice. They hope to pursue this case far from public scrutiny and also without any mention how they caused the death of Aaron Swartz. Now their opponent is an imprisoned human rights activist on the third week of a hunger strike, and they still won't engage in a public debate where they hold every advantage, except the whole truth. This indictment, and the manner in which it was unsealed, were cowardly acts.

Here is what they said:

The U.S. Attorney is aware of Mr. Gottesfeld's status in jail, where he has been since fleeing the country to avoid facing charges for launching an attack against the Boston Children's Hospital computer network, potentially putting patient care and patient records at risk. Ultimately, it will be up to a jury of his peers to determine Mr. Gottesfeld's guilt or innocence. Since the case is pending trial, we will not be able to comment any further.

As you may notice, *there is no mention* of either Aaron Swartz nor Justina Pelletier, in their statement. Aaron Swartz is the widely mourned internet innovator and activist that I and many others blame Ortiz for killing through a dogged political persecution that lasted for over a year. After he died, Ortiz was "slammed" in Congressional oversight hearings, and the White House called his death "a tragic, unthinkable loss for his family and friends." Ortiz tried unsuccessfully to defend her office's actions, and her husband's distasteful comments were so insensitive, he was run off of Twitter in shame.

Justina Pelleter was the teenage subject of what was widely reported to be a custody dispute between her parents and the infamous Massachusetts Department of Children and Families (DCF). However, looking deeper, what happened to her was really a human rights issue involving torture in healthcare settings, specifically the otherwise renowned Boston



Children's Hospital. Here is her father telling PBS Boston about just some of the more than year-long constant suffering she endured:

Greater Boston Video: Justina Pelletier's Parents Fighting To Get Her Back

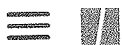


"She's been in severe pain, non-stop, twenty-four hours a day, for thirteen months"

Under the U.S.-ratified Convention Against Torture, Ortiz is obligated to investigate this heinous mistreatment of a physically and mentally disabled child, but instead, her office won't even mention her name. In fact, they are so concerned about the appearances of this case, that as mentioned in my statement above, they indicted me on debate day, without issuing a press release. I have no regrets about taking action to defend Justina when Ortiz wouldn't, and the law allows a citizen to defend another human being (at least theoretically.) I am happy to report that *Rolling Stone* is doing the investigation Ortiz's office wouldn't, and interviewed Justina's family last week. I believe their upcoming in-depth feature will knock your socks off.

All Ortiz can do is claim that I was fleeing Justice and highlight that my wife and I were rescued at sea far from home, after we were also tenaciously pursued for by her office for over a year, and mislead people about damage to the hospital network.

There is no such thing as an outage-proof network. Would you go to a hospital where an



outage could hurt patients? In fact, if that were actually the case, Boston Children's would be in even hotter water due to HIPAA and its mitigation requirements. No one can point to one patient that was harmed, and the FBI was even forced to admit this on the stand during my bail hearing. What Ortiz also doesn't mention is that the alleged events took place on the hospital's donation day, and in protest of its mistreatment of Ms. Pelletier. It cost the hospital a lot of money, but they still profited handsomely from abusing Justina.

Further, I can assure you, I wasn't fleeing justice, as that is not what Ortiz is actually pursuing. Just as it wasn't justice that caused her to send Aaron further into a depression she was warned about, indict two of Boston Mayor Walsh's aids for union activities, and ruin numerous other lives. Ortiz has so many skeletons in her closet they set up a Secret Santa around this time of year, and if Superman came to Boston, I bet she'd have him indicted for violating FAA regulations and then deported in Kryptonite handcuffs for illegal immigration.

Former federal judge Nancy Gertner told The Huffington Post that the indictments in the Mayor's office are "an abuse of power," and others have speculated that Ortiz is really trying to clear the way for her own mayoral election. One of the founders of Demand Progress, Jason Segal says about her, "Carmen Ortiz leads an office run amok, plagued by vindictive, opportunistic prosecutors...It's time for her and Steve Heymann to go." Former Massachusetts Attorney General Martha Coakley has said, "You'd like to think the focus would be on those organizations like human trafficking rings, drug smuggling rings, the kind of organizations that in and of themselves represent a threat to safety, public safety,"...but with many of Ortiz's prosecutions, she said, "there's a competing social interest, sort of civil disobedience context." So, again, I guarantee you, I wasn't fleeing justice.

On the contrary, and unlike Ortiz, I am not scared of the truth, and would welcome the opportunity to take the stand and tell the *whole* story. I think Justina, her family, as well as many other victims of the same abuse at Boston Children's Hospital would also be relevant witnesses for the jury to hear. Even one of its former nurses, and a former federal prosecutor have blown the whistle on the hospital.

However, her office plans to use very prosecutor-friendly federal rules of evidence to block any mention of the abuse and near death of Ms. Pelletier at my trial. You can ask any practicing federal defense attorney, the courts are almost certain to go along with this whitewashing of history. The jury would have the wool pulled over their eyes and serve as a mere formality, a rubber stamp for Ortiz's pursuit to federally indemnify abusers and



torturers.



Ortiz knows this, and her statement about me facing my peers is intentionally disingenuous. Her job is not to protect her political allies, pursue elected office, nor is it simply to win. It is to seek justice, honestly and compassionately, for victims like Justina, and not to protect their abusers and blind juries to human rights violations.

She may be able to stack the deck in federal court in Boston, but she cannot stop the media from exposing all the facts. I look forward to those stories being told publicly as week four of my hunger strike continues.

Martin Gottesfeld wrote this article on day 22 of his prison hunger strike protesting institutionalized child abuse and Carmen Ortiz's office. He has lost 22 pounds. His arraignment is scheduled for 2pm today at the John Moakley Courthouse in Boston. This article was published by his wife on his behalf. His family and friends have set up www.FreeMartyG.com, as well as a FreeMartyG Facebook page and Twitter account.

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00:39

Court Weighs Whether Boston Marathon Bomber Dzhokhar Tsarnaev Got A Fair Trial



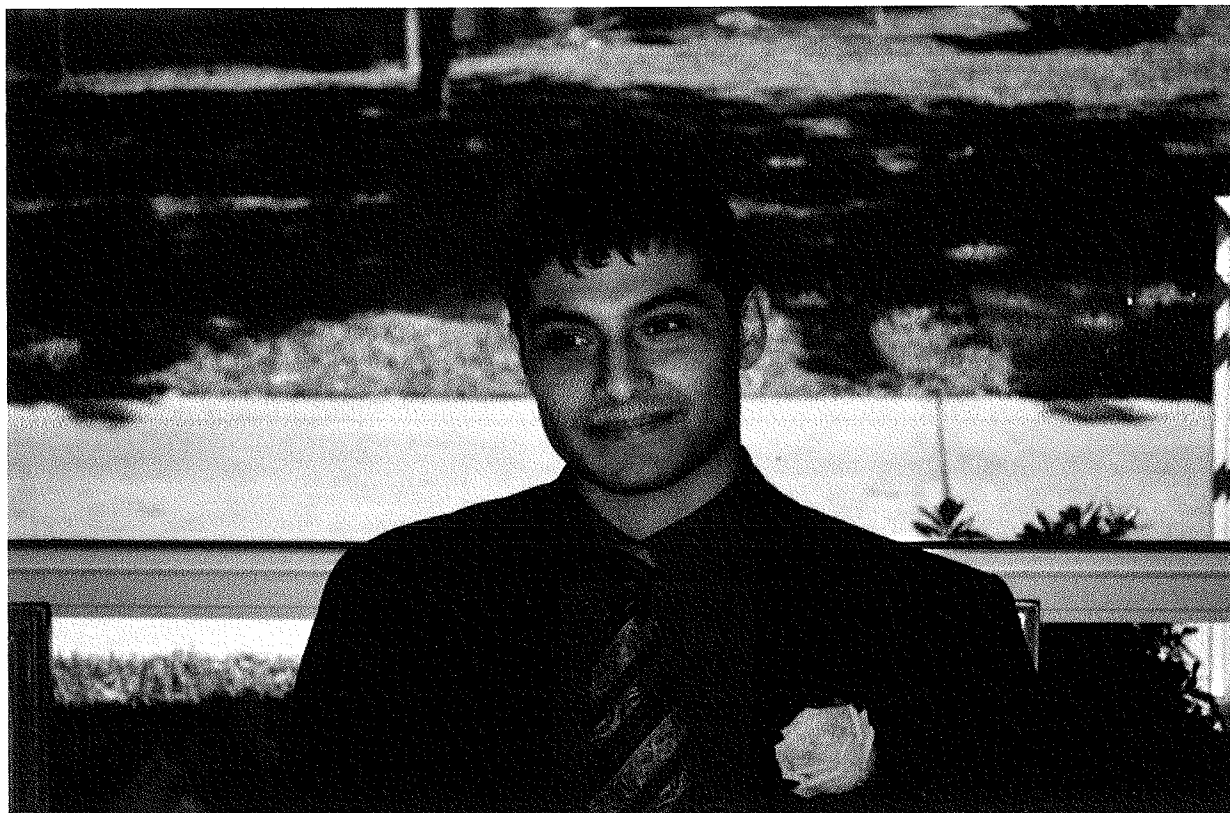
Dana Gottesfeld, Contributor
Blogger

Exhibit 133

From Prison With Love, Why I Became An Activist Hacker

10/16/2016 10:41 am ET | Updated Mar 08, 2017

Martin Gottesfeld wrote this article during his prison hunger strike. It is published here on his behalf by his wife, Dana Gottesfeld.



Marty Gottesfeld at his wedding in February 2015, one year before his arrest

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To start, let me apologize, first person short form really isn't my thing. I'm an engineer, and I usually prefer the cold, impersonal, objective third-person factual statement. However, others have suggested a piece like this to follow up on my previous writing. This really shouldn't be about me, but telling this story may be a good way to spread some obscure but vital facts.

In late 2013, at the behest of my girlfriend, who is now my darling wife, I investigated a therapeutic boarding school that her brother had been attending. She had visited him there that summer and was, to put it mildly, concerned about some of the things he told her. According to him, the staff were violent, and had hurt many kids. He also said the showers were always cold and the food was terrible.

Then there was "devo," a very strict form of detention where kids were forced to sit with their backs straight, their feet within the boundaries of the desk, and either look straight ahead, or read mind-numbing propaganda. She was told that any deviation from these rules, even talking or laughing, led to hours and hours of additional "devo" time being metted out. The school, she was told, assigned large quantities of "devo" for nearly any and all reasons. Her brother reported that one of his friends was assigned 1,000 hours for a single offense.

Being a therapeutic boarding school, all of the students were there for treatment. Some had ADD or ADHD, others depression, and they had kids on the autism spectrum as well. I found the use of "devo" on these kids repugnant and contrary to every scientific, evidence-based treatment standard I had ever known.

She tried repeatedly to talk to her brother on the phone, but the school wouldn't allow it. I found that particularly concerning.

Shortly into my investigation, things went from bad to worse. I found stories posted by alumni who referred to themselves as "survivors." They spoke of cruel beatings and prolonged solitary confinement. The school wasn't the only one of its kind either, it was just a small part of a "troubled teen industry."

According to the American Bar Association in 2007:

Despite egregious abuses, these facilities continue to grow in number and size. The industry is booming



and reportedly worth over a billion dollars. A parent may pay between \$3,000-\$5,000 per month to send their child or youth into a private unregulated residential treatment facility and not be able to monitor his or her progress because of rules limiting family contact. The industry prospers on promises to modify troublesome behavior and to make “bad” kids good. Its financial sustainability is ensured by frequent deceptive advertising on the internet that market facilities as offering an array of mental health and of educational services that are often not available or provided by unqualified staff.

In 2013, his public school district paid \$7,500/month to have my girlfriend’s little brother subjected to this “treatment.” Kids on the autism spectrum (and I have dear friends on the spectrum) were bringing in \$8,900/month to the “school.” It seemed to me that real treatment was expensive, whereas “devo” and solitary confinement were cheap. I was disgusted and felt an immediate need to act.

“I was beaten here. I have never feared anything more in my life.”— A public comment on a petition to shut the school down

My girlfriend and I campaigned tirelessly for three months to get her brother home. We spread a petition, launched a website, and with the help of Anonymous, trended the cause to shut that abhorrent place down on Twitter.

We filed complaints with every local, state, and federal authority we could. We dressed up and went to the FBI in person. No one would help. The educational accreditor simply didn’t care. Her parents felt we were disrespecting their authority and exaggerating the risks. They stopped taking her calls. In the end, we had to have an attorney draft a custody suit and disown them to get him home ASAP.

During that fight, we met many survivors. Their personal stories shocked our sensibility and touched our hearts. Their bravery, sharing their trauma, which was very difficult for them, in order to help a kid they did not know, but who was exactly where they had been, was inspiring. We heard of one youth who had been held in solitary confinement at the school for so long, he chewed the skin off of his big toe in order to force them to bring him off campus, to the hospital.

“LRA is an awful place... I’ll do whatever I can to save [him] from the bs and mental and physical torment that he’s in for.” — A public comment on a petition to shut the school down

*Once her brother was free, I couldn't just turn my back and return to life as normal.
This*



industry has operated nearly unchecked for decades. There are over 1,000 allegations of abuse/neglect every year, and no agency knows nor attempts to track the number of deaths. Despite numerous exposés and repeated attempts to pass legislation to enhance oversight, the kids continue to suffer and die. The FBI does not apply existing federal law to protect these children. In early 2014, an organization my wife and I co-founded was part of a semi-official effort to pass the “Keeping Students Safe Act.” It failed.

“This program and place is a horrible excuse to destroy any chance of working on whatever you need to. I saw kids getting abused, injected, and neglected at this horrible place. [W]orst year of my life.” — A public comment on a petition to shut the school down

Justina's plea



Then came the case of Justina Pelletier. Once again, a child was being denied the actual treatment they desperately needed. Once again, her contact with her family was being limited, monitored, and censored. Once again, a youth was being secluded, and once again,



her life was in danger. However, this time a major hospital in my state was responsible.

Like us, her parents had called all the local/state authorities and gone to the FBI, and like us, none of those organizations would protect their family member. Time was running out.

After all the stories I had heard, and consulting for organizations of all sizes for over a decade, I knew the power of a punch to the pocketbook, and could not simply look away. So, I acted, in the way I was best qualified. I hope that you would have to.

There are hundreds of thousands of kids, like Justina, who need our help, and many if not most have no other advocates.

Martin Gottesfeld wrote this article during his prison hunger strike. He is demanding that the presidential candidates pledge to both work with legislators and direct law enforcement action to protect institutionalized youth. The last time he ate was on October 3rd. He is down 15.5 lbs. This article was posted by his wife on his behalf. A petition has been set up. Supporters have also launched www.FreeMartyG.com as well as a Facebook page, and Twitter account by the name FreeMartyG.

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Dana Gottesfeld, Contributor
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Exhibit 134

The Potentially Permanent And Fatal Effects Of Martin Gottesfeld's Hunger Strike

11/04/2016 06:26 am ET | Updated Mar 08, 2017



MARTIN GOTTESFELD IN FEBRUARY 2015

Martin Gottesfeld's hunger strike on behalf of children abused in American institutions, and adults being prosecuted by U.S. Attorney Carmen Ortiz for political reasons has entered its fifth week. Gottesfeld reports losing 28 pounds so far. He has been in federal prison since his arrest in February, following a rescue at sea by Disney Cruises.

The government alleges that Gottesfeld coordinated a massive cyber attack against Boston Children's Hospital, bringing down its online donation site and preventing hundreds of

thousands of dollars in annual giving. In response to the hospital's alleged abuse of

https://www.huffpost.com/entry/the-potentially-permanent-fatal-effects-of-martin_b_581bfb68e4b044f827a78afe



Justina Pelletier. In 2016, Pelletier's family sued the hospital for gross negligence, medical malpractice, and civil rights violations. No patients are alleged to have been harmed and no internal hospital systems are claimed to have been affected as a result of Gottesfeld's alleged actions. Justina Pelletier remains in a wheelchair more than 2 years after returning home in 2014. In September, Gottesfeld broke his silence in a HuffPost exclusive, answering the charges by reiterating the allegations against the hospital and asserting that he acted to defend Pelletier from possible death.

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He is now demanding a pledge from the presidential candidates to take action on America's problems of institutionalized child abuse and for U.S. Attorney Carmen Ortiz, who oversaw the case against noted internet activist Aaron Swartz, to cease conducting political prosecutions. Ortiz's pursuit of Swartz, for what is widely viewed as harmless civil disobedience, culminated in his suicide in 2013. His death is broadly mourned and 61,000 people digitally signed a petition demanding Ortiz be ousted as a federal prosecutor.

Gottesfeld is currently on day 32 of his hunger strike, and said "The suffering endured by many of these kids is far worse than a hunger strike," over the phone from prison. "This abuse has gone unchecked for decades. The hunger strike will go on as long as it takes."

According to lifesciences.com, here is what is happening to Gottesfeld's body as he wages this fight. Assuming he was in good health at the beginning of his strike, there is little risk he'll die for 6-8 weeks but that doesn't mean he's on easy street. By about the 3rd day, his body started scavenging muscle protein to make glucose, the most fundamental sugar molecule/carbohydrate of biology. His levels of electrolytes like potassium, used to conduct electrical signals in the brain as well as through nerves to muscles dropped to dangerous levels. Reserves of body fat started being tapped. Gottesfeld reported losing two pounds a day



day during this phase of his hunger strike.

Now in his fifth week, he reports his pulse is normal, but that could drop as reduced heart rate is possible after two weeks. Last week, unsurprisingly, Gottesfeld collapsed in court. Difficulty standing, sluggishness, weakness, trouble with coordination, or any combination thereof are all normal and can onset quickly without warning. Gottesfeld is also at risk of serious neurological problems; hunger strikers that make it this far can encounter cognitive impairment and vision loss.

Soon, he will have lost more than 18 percent of his body weight and be at risk of severe and permanent medical complications. After a month, he may suffer hearing loss and have difficulty swallowing water. Breathing may become labored and organ failure could start to set in.

Gottesfeld has stated that if necessary, he will continue his strike past election day and continue petitioning the president-elect and Boston's U.S. Attorney's office. After November 17, the 45 day mark, he would be at risk of dying from cardiovascular collapse and/or severe infection.

There are additional physiological risks as well. People who go so long without food often become aggressive. This can increase the odds of hunger strikers starving themselves to death.

Also, even if successful, ending his hunger strike may not be as simple as starting to eat again. Due to metabolic changes, he'd require medical monitoring to manage severe risks as he's re-nourished.

Gottesfeld has released multiple statements to The Huffington Post, and Newsweek explaining his motives and more recently described his origins as an activist hacker in a Huffington Post exclusive.

Both the Clinton and Trump campaign declined to comment to the Associated Press.

The Boston U.S. Attorney office has issued a statement alluding to the possibility that it will seek to have Gottesfeld force-fed if he does not end his hunger strike voluntarily, "we would bring the matter to the attention of the court, which could issue an order if appropriate."

Such feeding against his will would present serious ethical issues for any attending physician.



physician.

Gottesfeld's friends and family operate www.FreeMartyG.com and have also set up a FreeMartyG [Facebook](#) and a [Twitter account](#).

Martin Gottesfeld contributed to this article from prison during his hunger strike. He is Dana Gottesfeld's husband.

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01:07

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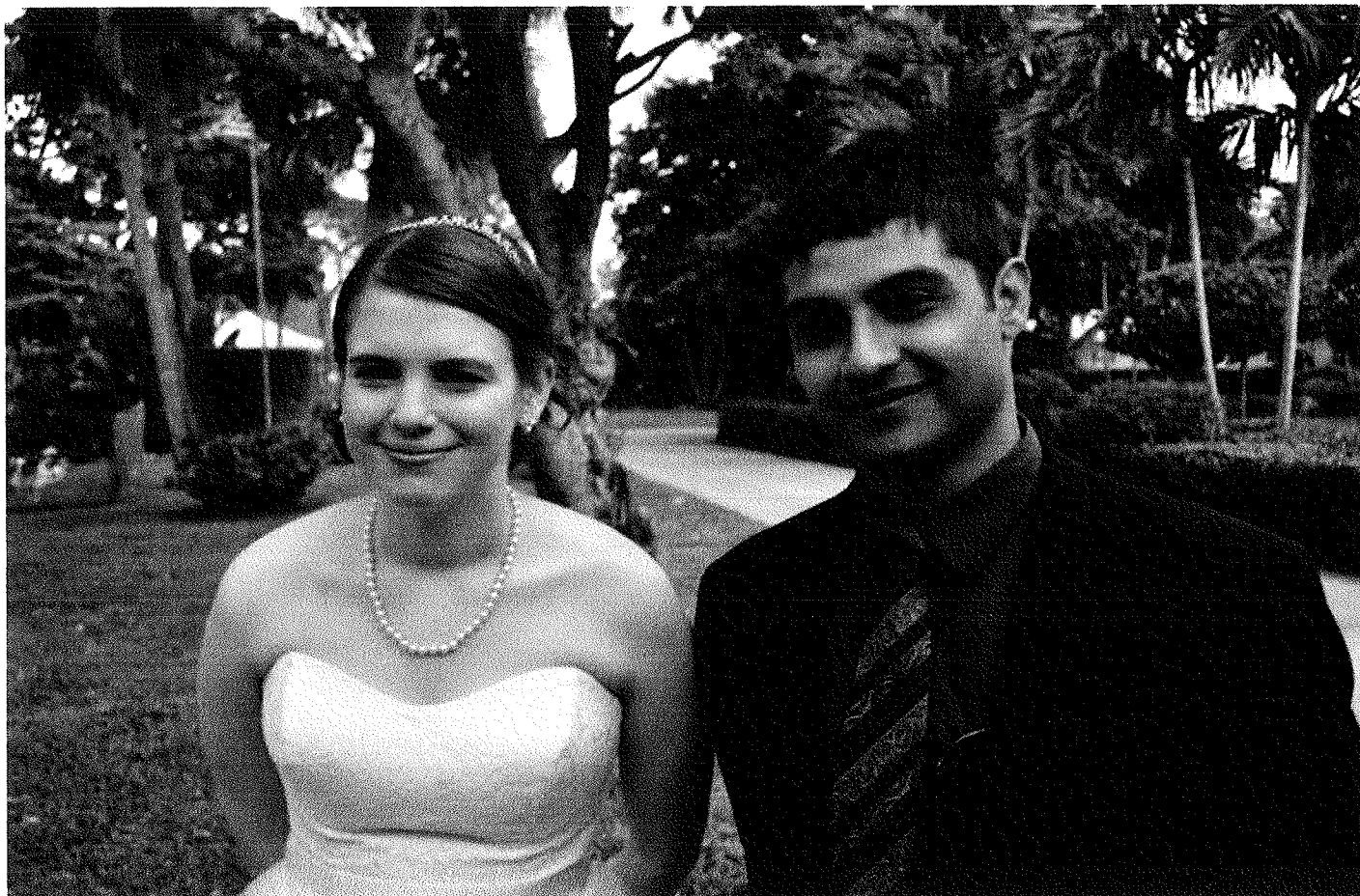
Martin Gottesfeld, Contributor

Imprisoned human rights activist, alleged Anonymous hacker, and Senior Systems Engineer

Exhibit 135

How The U.S. Marshals And Bureau Of Prisons Are Trying To Break My Hunger Strike

01/02/2017 04:52 pm ET | Updated May 11, 2017



Gottesfeld (2015) married Dana in Pompano Beach, Florida

Imprisoned human rights activist, journalist, and author Martin Gottesfeld wrote this article on the 55th day of his prison hunger strike and submitted it from solitary confinement at Metropolitan Correctional Center New York. He is currently being held without bail on hacking charges brought by controversial Boston U.S. Attorney Carmen Ortiz and her cybercrime chief, Adam J. Bookbinder, whose office prosecuted Internet innovator and



Children's Hospital on the internet in the defense of abused patient Justina Pelletier.

On the 43rd day of my hunger strike I was told the U.S. Marshalls had ordered my transfer to a facility in New York that was better equipped to handle my medical condition. At that point I had gone about four days without any fluids whatsoever and to make my wishes and refusal to provide medical consent crystal clear, I had written "No IV DNR" on the inside of both my elbows. Hey, if the DOJ wanted to allow notorious federal prosecutor Carmen Ortiz and her lackeys, to keep holding me because I tried to protect innocent, learning disabled teenager Justina Pelletier from abuse, torture, and an agonizing death, then I wanted to make sure they were fully committed to backing Ortiz up as she makes a pet toy and total mockery of our justice system yet again. After all, when Justina was suffering, Ortiz's office couldn't be bothered to even make a phone call to inquire as to whether her civil and human rights were being upheld (and they weren't). But I digress, I was not allowed to call my wife before the prison transfer, but I was promised I'd be able to call her upon my arrival.

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Dubious, but still hopeful the move was a sign of the increasing pressure of my very public hunger strike. I'm cuffed, shackled, and loaded into a van with an unusually heavy complement of three officers for one inmate. On the way, they refused to stop and get food for themselves even when I told them I wouldn't mind and that I could no longer simply just return to eating normally when I wished. You see, word of the cause I'm fighting for had gotten around to some of the staff and I had actually discussed it with the sergeant in charge of my transport in detail before.

"We're *not* doing that to you," he told me.



York meant MDC Brooklyn, which would have been the usual next stop in the federal prison system. However when the officers put the address into the GPS, it was on Manhattan Island. The sergeant made a phone call to confirm the location and told me that in all his years he'd never heard of The Federal Bureau of Prison's "MCC New York," our apparent destination.

Hours later, we arrived.

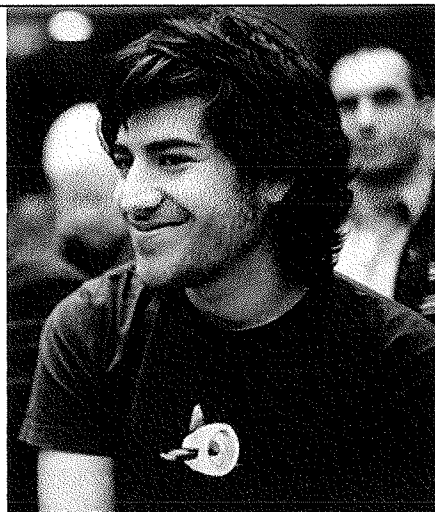
"Can you walk?" The sergeant asked me.

My mouth was dry, my kidneys hurt constantly, and I was prone to muscle cramps from dehydration and low electrolyte levels. Standing made me dizzy and I fatigued easily. However, I had rested in the van, and felt up to the Wolfenstein-esque maze of halls and locked doors that are typical for the prison intake/discharge process.

"I think so," I replied.

Once inside, the transporting officers explain the situation with the hunger strike and hand the receiving desk my considerable pile of casework. It's the last time I'd see entire reams of legal papers and reference books before they go missing, directly afterwards.

I'm brought to a supply room and "stripped out." While I'm undressing, squatting, spreading my gluts, and coughing, the guard watching me notices the writing on my arms and asks about my strike. I give him the basic gist, loaded with the words "allegedly," "supposedly," etc., that our lawyers all tell us to use in here. I refer him to my Huffington Post articles as my throat is dry and I've tired of explaining this whole travesty over and over again: from the troubled teen industry, to Justina Pelletier, Carmen Ortiz, the CFAA, and Aaron Swartz. He's upset though, it seems he wants a confession.



CREATIVE COMMONS

Late activist and innovator, Aaron Swartz, took his own life after fighting a 22-count felony indictment brought by Carmen Ortiz's office for what many technologists consider legal activism.

Is he an FBI agent? Is he looking to earn his way there? I note the name embroidered on his shirt. It could easily be made up for all I know. I dub him "The Interrogator."

After that awkward moment I'm put in a waiting room with an emaciated looking man from Africa. He was clutching his hand and wincing. We speak briefly and it turns out we're both on hunger strikes, but he's also on trial. His hand, had been, slammed in a door by a staff member, a supposed "accident." However when I later heard them speak of how "he'll learn," and laugh, I had my doubts.

Suddenly, the holding cell opened to reveal a large guard gratuitously eating pizza. It seemed he was intentionally being noisy and he definitely overplayed the role of savoring his meal. The pizza smelled good, but his attempt belied a fundamental misunderstanding of how long-term hunger strikes work.

With a devious grin, he asked me, "Do you want to *smell* this pizza?"

"I already can. No, thank you," I reply.

About two weeks into my hunger strike, and for the first time I can remember, my sinuses completely cleared and my sense of smell heightened beyond my wildest imagination, an apparent survival mechanism to help find sustenance when the body is facing starvation.



and laugh. I lay down on the hardwood bench. Exertion is the enemy, and I'll take all of the rest I can get before trudging wherever else they are going to shuffle me.

Time passes quickly and quietly. About an hour and a half later, they summon me for the intake screening. I hadn't been mistreated there yet, so I cooperate.

They take my blood pressure sitting, standing, and laying down, as well as my blood glucose, oxygen saturation, and pulse. They do their customary TB test and then take my weight for the first time in three days without fluids. My last measure had been 171 pounds, down from where I had started my strike at 204. I weigh in at 158 pounds almost the entire recent 13 pound drop was due to dehydration.

When I go back out to the receiving desk, the staff asks me to confirm how long I had been on the strike.

"October 3rd" I tell them. They are surprised.

"You haven't eaten *anything*?" they ask.

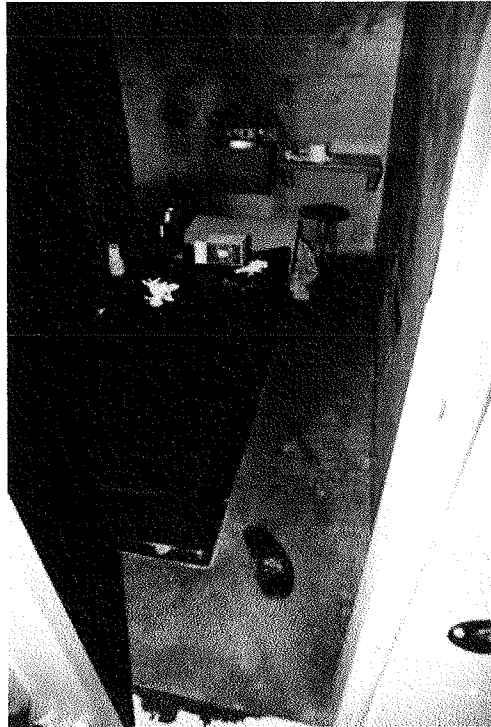
"I was taking some fluids until a few days ago: water, Gatorade, occasionally chicken broth, and "Jell-O." (You may be surprised, as I was, to hear that medically speaking "Jell-O" is a clear fluid.) "No solid food."

"The Interrogator" calls me a "fraud" and says, "That's not a hunger strike," and tells them to be sure to turn off the water in my cell. I briefly think about responding that I'd like to see him do what I had and *then* I'd be happy to discuss what exactly does and does not constitute a hunger strike, but think better of it. I ask to call my wife, and am told I'll have to speak to my unit staff about it, but that I should be able to make "some" calls with the lieutenant.

From there, I am in handcuffs once more, and brought to the "Special Housing Unit," or "SHU" (pronounced like "shoe,") a modern euphemism for solitary confinement. I'm "stripped out" again. and changed from brown clothes to orange, before being re-cuffed. When in the SHU, you're always cuffed outside your cell. You have to stand with your back to the door and place your hands through a slot before and after leaving so they can take the cuffs on and off. It's dehumanizing. No matter what any prison official tries to tell you about other reasons, that's exactly the point.



know if mine have survived the trip and their processing so I say yes. When we arrive at my cell, my escort throws them all over the place before sarcastically saying, "Sorry."



SOLITARYWATCH

A snapshot of the Special Housing Unit (SHU) at Pennsylvania prison, State Correctional Institution at Dallas (SCI Dallas) following the suicide of Matthew Bullock

I fall asleep quickly. It had been a long, busy day, and I was physically weak and exhausted.

Early the next morning I'm brought to medical for the end of the intake process. I'm paraded through a conference room full of men in white coats looking at me like I'm a zoo exhibit. I'm still in orange clothes and cuffed behind my back.

"I'll see him in here," one of them said as he stands up and leads my escorts to an exam room, with me in tow. His coat said "Dr. Anthony Bussunich." He reminds me of the pointy-haired boss in Dilbert, and I'm soon to discover it's a more fitting simile than I initially thought.

He turns on a digital scale and tells me to hop-on.

"I decline."



I tell him that I will not consent to any medical procedures, as long as, I am handcuffed, being kept in the SHU, and being prevented from speaking to my wife. The conversation goes back and forth, going nowhere, with him citing Bureau of Prisons policy, that hunger strikers are kept in the SHU, and me vigorously asserting my right to decline all medical intervention.

He tries to scare me. First, he goes over the dangers, of the hunger strike, and especially the stoppage of fluids. I'm familiar with all of that and un-phased.

Then he tells me that once I pass out, they'll be allowed to hydrate me to keep me alive. I inform him I have a DNR, health care proxy, and living will; that my wife has very specific instructions and that she knows whom she married. He asks to see those documents, which he has to know I can't provide while I'm held incommunicado, before telling me they don't matter, that the Bureau of Prisons has legal authority to keep me alive. Technically, he is right, but ethically it's a much foggier area and I'm sure he knows this. It's a tense conversation between us, we're like oil and water.

He asks if I would consent to blood work and I reiterate that I refuse all medical consent under the current conditions. He says he can get blood without consent. I tell him I look forward to writing about those events.

He follows my escorts and I to psychiatry, probably hoping that they'll deem me incompetent. Next, I meet a forensic mental health expert whom I refuse to speak too. She notices the writing on my arms and asks if I'm suicidal. I reiterate my refusal to speak. She threatens to place me on "suicide watch" in a paper gown before telling me that she "doesn't want" to do that to me though. I tell her to do what she has to while thinking about how similar she seems to Simona Bujoreanu, the psychologist whose questionable decisions were behind the Wray and Pelletier cases at Boston Children's Hospital.

She leaves the room to check what to do with her superiors. Dr. Bussanich took the opportunity to tell me, "This is MCC New York. Inmates who come here are quickly forgotten."

The prison junior psychiatrist comes back and tells me I'll be placed on suicide watch. I tell her I look forward to the headlines. There's some quick banter back and forth. She goes and checks again. "No suicide watch" comes the ruling from up the totem pole. I thought so.



boss and mental health doctor.

The prison guards with me were not amused. When we get back to the SHU, they put me in a different cell with frigid air blowing in constantly, and standing water pooled on the floor. For someone with a compromised immune system by more than a month of starvation, it is a massive infection waiting to happen. They tell me they will go get my legal work from my other cell “right now,” but then don’t give it to me. It sits outside my door and out of reach for more than two days.

I bundle up as best I can and take to working on one of the mammoth engineering problems I specifically chose for the strike. These problems require no pen, no paper, no calculator, have never been solved, and are of such a size and scope that any competent professional engineer could occupy themselves for years pondering them.

I’m tired, in pain, and fatigued just from walking around. I sleep most of the rest of the day, but am disturbed to decline lunch and dinner, the 128th and 129th consecutive meals that I’ve turned away. Each time I declined I asked to speak to my wife only to be denied.

The next morning I awaken early to the sound of the meal cart being pushed along my tier. I overhear one of the guards find roaches in a food tray. He’s surprised and yells to his coworker, “I hate this f***ing jail!”

I consider yelling back, “Us too!” but think better of it. On top of the obvious and sufficient reasons, my throat was so dry that speaking had become difficult, raspy, and painful. Mentally, I was grateful for their cockroach discovery, as even though I wasn’t exactly tempted to try the food in the first place, I now had a strong disincentive to do so. When they get to my cell and I decline my breakfast, they seemed less than surprised.

Later in the day, the guy in the cell next to me starts asking the guards for commissary sheets so he can order things. Different prisons have different policies about what SHU inmates can order, if anything. At MCC New York, a limited selection is allowed for inmates like us who haven’t been officially sanctioned (yet). The guy across the hall and I both join in, albeit my vocal capacity is diminished, and after many hours of asking every time a staff member happened by, we finally badger one enough to go get us the order forms.

As we receive them, both the guy across the hall and I ask for pens, to fill them out, and we’re told we’ll have to borrow one from the inmate next to me. Now, it turns out, the guy



told us, worked it down to me plus 25, and was still appealing.

He is a prison ninja. Not only is this guy super smooth with guards, medical staff, etc., and therefore in my opinion the most gifted psychologist in the joint, but he, on the first try, whizzes his pen under the door of his cell, on an angle, and directly under the door of the guy across the hall. It's as impressive as any trick billiards shot I've ever seen. A few minutes later, after filling out his order, the pen's recipient tries the still difficult, but straighter shot directly across to me. He misses, and the pen stayed in the hallway out of reach.

"Make a line," the guy next to me says.

I imagine some kind of makeshift prison lasso, and start to try to (re)-invent one with the very limited supplies I have. Apparently, the guy across the hall has a clearer picture of what exactly this means, as I can see him nod and walk deeper into his cell to get to work.

However, less than a minute later, I hear fluid start gushing. I look across the hall, and see arms flailing as green water continually splashes against the cell's hall window. It starts coming out from under his door and flooding into the hallway. The guy next to me and I start pounding our doors. He's screaming "C.O.," but I can't yell that loud.

It takes a couple of minutes for guards to unlock the gate to the tier and see what is going on. One goes to shut the water off. At this point, my legal work is still sitting in a bag on the hallway floor outside my cell. The other guard grabs it and puts it atop a cart before telling me to cram a blanket in the crack under my door to stop the water from coming in. I do as he says and start picking up anything else on the floor in my cell, like my shoes.

After a few minutes, the stale green water, that had been pent up for who knows how long, had all come out, and cleaner, clearer water is replacing it, pouring out from the cell across the hall. The blanket under my door is working, but there's between a half-inch to an inch of water outside. My bag of legal work looks dry from my view, but I can't really tell. With water still flowing, they make the guy across the hall "cuff up" in the usual way before putting him in the cell on the other side of me. He's soaked from head to toe and looks demoralized.

When they open his door, his cell is totally, messed up. Bedding, papers, family photos, commissary, everything is drenched and strewn about. I feel awful he was trying to help me out when it happened. After another couple of minutes, they shut the water off.



a shop vac and starts dumping it out one load at a time. The tank fills quickly, so progress lowering the water line is slow. About an hour later, with the floor mostly dry, I ask the worker if he sees a pen on the ground. He finds it and slips it under my door.

I fill out my commissary order. At this point, I don't know if my wife had gone through the process to deposit money for me, but I have little to lose. I order probably the most important item you can have in jail, and especially solitary, a radio, as well as a deck of cards, bar of soap, shaving gel, batteries (I wasn't taking any chances with "batteries not included") and stamped envelopes.

When I finish, I ask the worker to return the pen to the guy next to me, completing its odyssey. Both the guy next door and I thank the worker, who still had at least an hour of mopping ahead of him.

In the evening, a nurse came to my cell with two prescriptions. I accepted the Prilosec. I've always had too much stomach acid, and when there is nothing for it to do, it wears ulcers into my stomach and small intestine. However, I decline the multivitamin they try to give me.

The nurse wants to talk too, and take my blood pressure. I decline. She says, "You can't." I walk away from the door and go back to bed. I know my rights.

Livid, she calls for an extraction team. This would mean a half dozen or so guards in full riot gear, with shields, pepper spray, the whole nine. I find this a bit extreme, but start preparing myself nonetheless. I clear my mind, and focus my senses, preparing to remember as much as possible so I can document it later. They usually video tape extractions, but those tapes have the unsurprising tendency to get lost, overwritten, or otherwise destroyed when their contents are unfavorable to prison authorities.



IMAGE TAKEN FROM VIDEO OBTAINED BY THE PORTLAND PRESS HERALD/MAINE SUNDAY TELEGRAM

Cell Extraction team in action (2012) detaining inmate Paul Schlosser III at Maine Correctional Center in Windham

My plan is to offer only non-violent resistance, and let come what may. If they want me to have medical discussions or consent to tests, I decline. If they want me out of the cell, I will make my body dead weight, not actively fighting, but making them carry me. I begin meditating.

Minutes go by, I can hear phones and radios squawking outside. The nurse is yelling, "He's refusing to come to the door!" However, over time things get quieter. Eventually, I stop hearing the nurse complaining. The extraction team never comes.

Finally, I get up, and go to my door. I ask my fellow inmates, "Didn't she call for an extraction?"

They nod and shrug.

The next morning, after I decline breakfast, with cockroaches still on my mind, two guards come and tell me medical wants to see me.

"Please tell them I decline," I answer.



down, but I can refuse everything once we get there. visibly annoyed, and with some effort, I get up, get “cuffed up,” and we make the schlep. I’m expecting to see the same Dilbert boss doctor, but instead I’m greeted by a different man. His blue Bureau of Prisons jacket has “MDC Brooklyn,” a facility with its own current issues, embroidered on it, and not “MCC New York.”

“Oh, great,” I tell myself. “They brought in a ringer.”

He too asks me to hop on a scale, which I decline. He asks to take my blood pressure. Again, “no.”

“Blood work?”

“N-O.”

He asks me why I’m on a hunger strike and I, politely, tell him to look me up at The Huffington Post and Newsweek (again, dry throat etc). He asks me, “Don’t you want to know your own vitals?” I tell him sure I do, but that I won’t consent to anything medically so long as I was kept in the SHU, unable to contact my wife, and cuffed everywhere I go. Like his predecessor, he tells me that it’s the Bureau of Prisons policy to house hunger strikers in the SHU, but that if I ate something, I could leave solitary. I tell him “that’s how you break hunger strikes.”

He tries to tell me it’s so they could monitor me in case my condition worsened. I don’t even know where to start with this fallacy, so I just dive right in.

I tell him that I’m not being monitored and if I were to lose consciousness it could be hours until I’m discovered. I ask if they want to monitor me, why they don’t put me in a hospital bed with an actual heart monitor hooked up to an actual alarm? I asked what part of monitoring me requires me to be blocked from calling my wife?

I tell him that if they, were really, concerned about my condition, they wouldn’t place me in a frigid room with standing water on the floor while my immune system is compromised by over 40 days of starvation. If something does happen to me, it would probably be an infection from the cold and standing water in my cell. I tell him they can claim whatever they want about policy, but the true purpose, to break the hunger strike, was readily apparent and that my policy is to decline all medical procedures under these conditions. In my head, I



made to suffer under the thin veil of such dubious medical claims.



PELLETIER FAMILY

Justina Pelletier, pictured before (left, 2012) and after (right, 2014) her treatment at Boston Children's Hospital. Her family claims she, was, abused by hospital staff and that her condition deteriorated.

He seems surprised by the litany, caught off guard by how fervent I am while in such a weak state. I also sense a beating heart though, and that I may have gotten through to him, just a bit. Therefore, I relax.

He tells me, "We don't want you to hurt yourself like this," referring to the hunger strike and using the royal we. Reluctantly, he also tells me that if they have to, they'll take whatever steps are necessary in order to keep me alive. He means force feeding/forced hydration. With an earnest grimace, he tells me, "That's unpleasant for you and unpleasant for us."

I chuckle a bit, and reply, "Tell that to Carmen Ortiz."

"Who's that?" He asks.

"Someone else you should look up at The Huffington Post before we get too much further down this road, Doc" I answer.

"I will," he says.

I believe him.

He offers me some Ensure, which I politely decline as well, and my escorts take me back to the SHU.

"The Interrogator" is there when we get back. He asks me "all that stuff you wrote in The Huffington Post, will you tell me that *you* did it?"



"I'll neither confirm nor deny that," I tell him.

"That's just wonderful," he said sarcastically before I was put back in my refrigerator of a cell.

A little while later, our commissary orders come, and I was able to finagle a pen of my own. However, they forgot my stamped envelopes, which I needed to write my wife and Rolling Stone. I ask the guy next door, who had since been moved across the hall as part of the still ongoing flood cleanup effort, if I could borrow some stamps until they give me my stuff. He obliges, and I handwrite a message thanking him and explaining my situation, but I've yet to get it delivered to him.

Later that night, they finally give me my legal work, and my stamps survived. My new friend doesn't want his back though, and tells me not to worry about it. I asks if he needs anything. He answers batteries. It worked out well, I had ordered extra.

In prison, solidarity *really* matters, and even in solitary there are ways to help each other out. As a slightly modernized version of the old adage goes, no person is an island.

Friends and supporters of Martin Gottesfeld operate FreeMartyG.com as well as a [FreeMartyG Facebook Page](#) and [Twitter Account](#).

Following inquiries from journalists, Gottesfeld reports his cell is no longer cold, the standing water has been fixed, and he has been able to call his wife twice in two days. He is still in the SHU, and he took in fluids to allow for an investigation of his case. As of today, Monday January 2nd, Marty is again refusing all fluids.



BEFORE YOU GO

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Exhibit 136

SHADOWPROOF

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HUMAN RIGHTS ABUSES HIGHLIGHTED IN JAILED ACTIVIST'S LETTER FROM PLYMOUTH COUNTY CORRECTIONAL FACILITY

13 FEB
2017

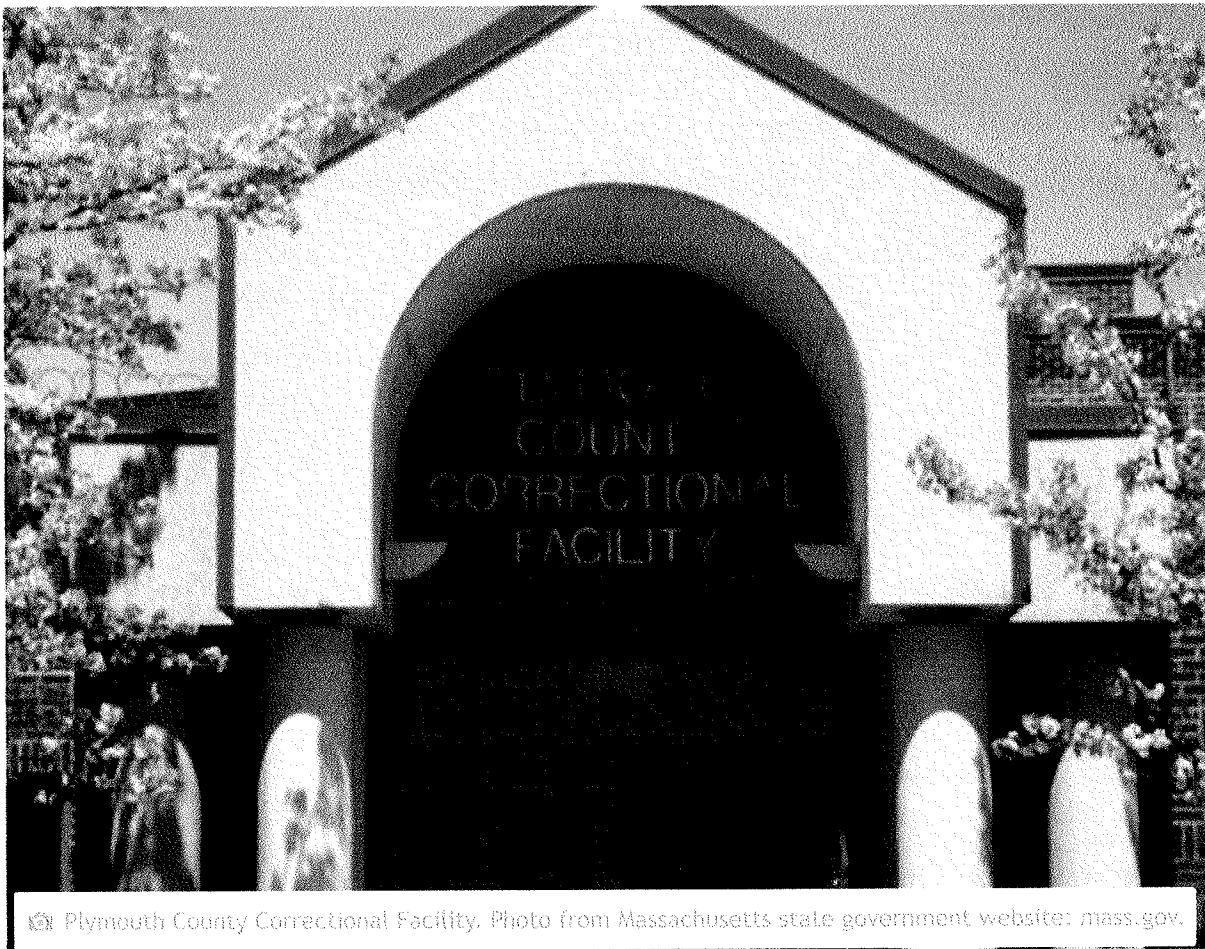
KEVIN GOSZTOLA



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27



© Plymouth County Correctional Facility. Photo from Massachusetts state government website: mass.gov.

146

21

Marty Gottesfeld, a jailed activist who faces felony charges for a digital sit-in against the Boston Children's Hospital website, wrote another letter from prison. This time he reports on conditions from within the walls of the Plymouth County Correctional Facility, where he was moved on February 4.

The letter is addressed to the United States Marshals Service, the state government of Massachusetts, the attorney general of Massachusetts, and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts Board of Registration in Medicine.

Gottesfeld describes conditions for prisoners in "Q5," a "small 40-degree room with a bare tile floor," where the Plymouth County Sheriff's Department locks up prisoners, who reportedly request help from mental health services.

"Inmates are locked in 'Q5' alone, naked or nearly naked, and without a mattress," Gottesfeld shares. "As an additional indignity, there is no toilet in 'Q5.' Instead, inmates must defecate in a hole in the floor. Human beings endure these deplorable conditions for days, never receiving therapy, before they are asked if they still need help. Anyone who answers that they do is held there longer."

A fellow prisoner told Gottesfeld, "It doesn't make me want to ask for help." Gottesfeld maintained this must be the "purpose" of "Q5." After all, who would tell anyone, even if they were afraid they would harm themselves?

Another prisoner informed him dead flies were on the floor in "Q5," and, "like the cliché tongue on a frozen flagpole, the frigid temperatures had actually adhered his exposed skin to the floor." This prisoner called the conditions torture.

Gottesfeld contends this is clearly meant to discourage prisoners from seeking mental health treatment, and it rises to the level of torture under the international convention against torture because it causes pain and suffering, it is intentional, the facility is coercing prisoners, and officials are involved.

"Do the U.S. Marshals not have one sufficient detention facility in all of the Northeast?" Gottesfeld asks. "Remembering that we are innocent unless proven guilty, do the Marshals care about our health and wellbeing once they've handed us off to the lowest bidder(s)?"

Marty Gottesfeld was previously held in "administrative segregation" or solitary confinement at the Metropolitan Correctional Center in New York. He wrote a letter to the Justice Department and other agencies on the squalid conditions at MCC New York, which detailed severe threats to health like rodent and insect infestations.

According to Gottesfeld, he was moved from MCC New York just as his reporting was "making a difference." He was about to expose how favored Federal Bureau of Prisons employees, like current MCC New York Warden Eskar Tatum, are allegedly "transferred there prior to retirement for just long enough to allow the exorbitant Manhattan salaries to artificially boost their already generous government pensions" at the expense of taxpayers.

Prison authorities placed Gottesfeld on "suicide watch" for 48 hours and moved him to a cell with a "lumpy mattress" on which he was unable to sleep. He was not allowed to have writing paper or a book to pass the time. He complained about the mattress due to "past injuries," but officials apparently ignored his complaints.

Gottesfeld said this designation was because he was "coming off the hunger strike," but he started eating solid foods back on January 11. So, to Gottesfeld, the treatment was completely "unjustified."

Marty Gottesfeld is awaiting trial for charges stemming from his participation in a digital sit-in. He learned about the case of Justina Pelletier, who was institutionalized in a psychiatric ward in 2013 against her parents' wishes. He allegedly organized with members of Anonymous and participated in a distributed denial of service (DDOS) operation that disrupted the donation portal for the hospital website.

On October 3, 2016, Gottesfeld launched a hunger strike. He was at the Wyatt federal detention center in Rhode Island but was moved to MCC.

The American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) collected testimonies in 2014 for a shadow report to U.S. Periodic Report on how it abides by the Convention Against Torture. One of the testimonials came from prisoners at Plymouth County.

“They called it a 23 hour lockdown, but during the hour out, you had no other human contact—not even staff... As you are aware we are made to eat and sleep in a concrete and steel bathroom,” D.L. shared. “In my particular case, they never turned off the light. My window was covered on the outside with some type of white plastic so that we could not attempt any type of visual communication with whatever may have been out there.”

On March 10, 2012, the Boston Globe reported on Eric Snow, who was found dead in his cell with a plastic bag over his head. He was kept “in the hole” for over four years and pleaded with prison authorities to release him into general population so he would no longer lose his mind. He was a pretrial detainee, who faced murder charges, and his lawyer, Gerald Fitzgerald declared, “We live in a society that treats animals in a zoo more decently and more humanely than they treat men in prison awaiting trial.”

Marty’s wife, Dana, said he wrote the letter because he believes “human rights violations should be called out as soon as possible so that they’re not allowed to continue.”

“He’s fortunate enough to have connections to the outside and a strong voice so it’s incumbent on him to use that voice,” Dana continued. “He will continue. He’s not stopping. He’s learning more about Plymouth County Correctional Facility the longer he stays, and the more he learns, the more that needs to be exposed.”

“I asked him if he was afraid. He said he’s not afraid. That by taking away his keyboard, they only made his pen stronger,” Dana concluded.

There currently is no scheduled date for Gottesfeld’s trial, as his case is still in the discovery phase. He is being prosecuted by Carmen Ortiz, who is well-known for her zealous prosecution of Aaron Swartz. It could be months before Gottesfeld gets a chance to defend himself in a court of law.

*

Below is a copy of the letter sent to officials on conditions at Plymouth County Correctional Facility.

To print the document, click the “Original Document” link to open the original PDF. At this time it is not possible to print the document with annotations.

February 13th, 2017

David Harlow

Acting Director US Marshals Service

500 Indiana Avenue NW

Washington, DC 20001

United States

Candace Lapidus Sloane, M.D.

Chair of the Massachusetts Board of Registration and Medicine

Commonwealth of Massachusetts Board of Registration in Medicine

200 Harvard Mill Square, Suite 330

Wakefield, MA 01880

Charlie Baker
Governor of Massachusetts
Massachusetts State House
Office of the Governor
Room 280
Boston, MA 02133

Maura Healy
Attorney General of Massachusetts
One Ashburton Place
Boston, MA 02108-1518

Dear Mr. Harlow, Ms. Lapidus Sloane, Mr. Baker, and Ms. Healy:

When I was first arrested and remanded to the U.S. Marshals a year ago, I expected quite a journey through the federal justice system. Still nothing could have prepared me for the actual odyssey ahead.

After starting out by spending a couple weeks at FDC Miami, followed by a week at the Federal Transfer Center in Oklahoma City, my second flight on "ConAir," landed me at MDC Brooklyn. There, packed into a tiny holding cell, two members of violent street gangs quickly discovered each other among the rest of us dozen or so human sardines and a brutal fist fight broke out in a tightly enclosed space. Then, after being moved to a housing unit, I found myself sleeping right next to a cell that seems perpetually corded off by crime scene tape. What exactly happened in there and how long ago those events transpired are sources of speculation, controversy, and gossip among federal inmates across the Northeast; the prison equivalent of camp fire stories. I didn't tell my wife about the altercation, nor the mystery cell at the time, as I didn't want to worry her.

Though much of the facility was in an obvious state of disrepair, I wasn't at MDC Brooklyn long enough to run into the grave issues recently uncovered there by journalists. Nor did I know that late last year a judge would refuse to order a defendant held there pending trial, but rather would summon the local US Attorney to answer for its squalid conditions. Instead, I boarded a bus, shackled and chained as we always are, bound for the private Donald W. Wyatt Detention Facility in Rhode Island.

I would spend the next 9 months at "Wyatt," where I would begin my 100-day hunger strike on behalf of abused children and victims of political prosecutions, like the late Aaron Swartz. Before I arrived, I was already aware of the ACLU's detailing of the tragic abuse and preventable death of fellow technologist and whistleblower Hiu Lui "Jason" Ng at the facility. I also knew that underpaid and overworked officers had sued Wyatt over unfair Employment Practices. Like Ng, I had to fight much too hard to go to the hospital, and worse yet, my attorneys were told I had not requested such care when in fact I had done so repeatedly, even on video.

All of that being said, I am compelled to note that while there certainly were bad apples, the vast majority of officers and nurses at Wyatt were the most conscientious and kind that I've encountered on

my journey thus far. I view the problems at Wyatt as predominantly the result of poor management as well as a callous, substandard, medical director by the doctor by the name of Dr. Blanchett, who seems to think that he can touch patients on video without their consent and then laugh at and mock their objection to unwanted behavior.

I left Wyatt 6 weeks into my Hunger Strike without knowing then an inmate with a history of being “lugged” to solitary for trivial offenses would soon effect the successful escape and elude authorities for days. While the marshals dealt with that embarrassment and worked to clean up that mess, I was at the Federal Bureau of Prisons (FBOP) MCC New York facility in Manhattan. There, in a blatant attempt to break my hunger strike, I was placed directly into solitary confinement upon arrival. Contrary to policy, as well as in violation of my civil rights I was never given an administrative detention hearing, periodic review, nor even administrative detention order.

Still compared to many others, I was fortunate. For example, during my 80 plus days in “the hole” I encountered a mentally ill man who I was told had spent approximately the last two years in near total isolation, suffering silently.

I reported on the inexcusable conditions at MCC New York, like frigid cells, insect as well as rodent infestations, contaminated food, and sadistic staff multiple times. (1,2,3). I had no idea Amnesty International had already condemned the place, and I believe if judges were to see what I have there, the US Attorney would once more be summoned to answer for inexcusable conditions.

I was moved again just as my reporting was making a difference and right as I was right about to expose how favorite FBOP employees, like current MCC New York Warden Eskar Tatum are transferred there prior to retirement for just long enough to allow the exorbitant Manhattan salaries to artificially boost their already generous government pensions at taxpayer expense.

So, on Saturday February 4th, I found myself at Plymouth County Correctional Facility, lying on the floor, on a thin, lumpy mattress, unable to sleep, having been placed on a completely unjustified suicide watch. I asked for writing paper or a book to pass the time, but was told I wasn’t allowed to have “anything.” I said the mattress was hurting me due to my many past injuries, but was told nothing could be done. When I was “cleared” 48 hours later, I looked like a sleep-deprived racoon and had never seen a doctor, as one should expect prior to determination of a legitimate, non-punitive suicide watch. I was told the reason for this treatment was that I was “coming off the hunger strike,” but, as announced by the Associated Press, I had begun eating solid food more than three weeks before, on January 11th.

Now, a later a week later, I still haven’t been seen by a doctor and this entire time I’ve been without the supplemental nutrition I was medically prescribed, and which was helping me regain weight and lean body mass.

Still, I would soon learn that I was fortunate compared to others here who had actually requested mental health help only to be thrown into the Plymouth County Sheriff’s Departments’ “Q5.” Described to me as a small 40-degree room with a bare tile floor, inmates are locked in “Q5” alone, naked or

nearly naked, and without a mattress. As an additional indignity, there is no toilet in “Q5,” instead inmates must defecate in a hole in the floor. Human beings endure these deplorable conditions for days, never receiving therapy, before they are asked if they still need help. Anyone who answers that they do is held there longer.

As for the intended purpose of “Q5,” I believe one prisoner hit the nail on the head when he told me “it doesn’t make me want to ask for help.” He said even if he was thinking of hurting himself, he wouldn’t tell a soul for fear of “Q5.” I don’t blame him. I wouldn’t either, and that appears to be exactly the point; to discourage inmates from seeking mental health treatment.

Another gentleman told me there were dead flies on the floor when he was in “Q5,” and that, like the cliché tongue on a frozen flagpole, the frigid temperatures had actually adhered his exposed skin to the floor. He said it was torture. From what I’ve heard, according to International Convention, he is right.

You see, there are four requirements for something like “Q5” to rise to the level of torture by accepted standards. First, it must cause severe pain or suffering, whether physical or mental. Second, it must be done intentionally. Third, it must be carried out for a specific purpose like coercion, intimidation, discrimination, or punishment. Finally, there must be involvement, and only by acquiescence, of a government official like a prison employee.

It is self-evident that the descriptions of “Q5” above meet all four of these criteria, and so as has happened previously along my journey, I am left to ask questions of the utmost urgency. Do the US Marshals have not have one sufficient detention facility in all of the Northeast? Remembering that we are innocent unless proven guilty, do the Marshalls care about our health and wellbeing once they’ve handed us off to the lowest bidder(s)? Does the Massachusetts Board of Registration and Medicine take its duties seriously enough to intervene cases of institutionalized abuse, like what happened to Justina Pelletier in 2014 and what is happening now at the Plymouth County Correctional Facility? Will the current iteration of the Executive Branch of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts turn a blind eye, as its predecessors have done?

I’ll leave it to you to answer these questions, not by mere words, but by your much louder actions, and/or inactions.

Very Sincerely,

Martin “MartyG” Gottesfeld

ID #71225

PCCF

26 Long Pond Road

Plymouth, MA, 02360

CC: Massachusetts Bar Association

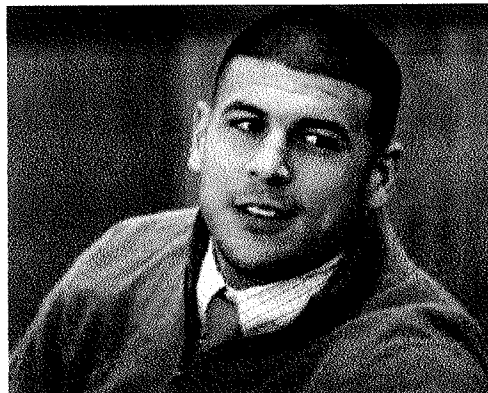


Exhibit 137

**Martin Gottesfeld, Contributor**

Imprisoned human rights activist, alleged Anonymous hacker, and Senior Systems Engineer

Aaron Hernandez Suicide Highlights Systemic Problem In Massachusetts Jails And Prisons

04/30/2017 09:09 pm ET | **Updated** May 14, 2017**Officials continually ignore repeated warnings from advocates and activists**

Former New England Patriots tight end Aaron Hernandez was found dead in his prison cell last night.

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Yes, I want to support HuffPost

This article was written by imprisoned human rights activist Martin Gottesfeld who is currently being held by the U.S. Marshals at the Plymouth County Correctional Facility



Less than 24 hours before Aaron Hernandez “hung it up,” an all too common and casual turn of phrase in prison parlance, a group of prisoner-rights advocates held a rally at the Massachusetts State House. Their concerns were nothing new. The prison suicide rate in Massachusetts is nearly double the national average, and advocates pointed to apparent retaliation against prisoners who tried to stand up for the human rights of themselves and others.

Yesterday’s protesters, who told the Boston Globe that Massachusetts Governor Charlie Baker’s office had ignored their request for a meeting to discuss these issues for an entire year, are not alone in their frustration. I had two open letters, see here and here, forwarded to the governor’s office as well as to Massachusetts Attorney General, Maura Healy, Chair of the State Board of Registration in Medicine, Dr. Candace Sloane, and Acting Director of the U.S. Marshals, David Harlow, in the past two months, warning them about the Commonwealth’s unacceptably punitive approach towards mental health in its prisons, and I was ignored as well.

Since my arrival at the Plymouth County Correctional Facility (PCCF) in Plymouth, Massachusetts in February, there have been five suicide attempts here, and at least one was successful, coming near days after my first open letter.

The family of now-deceased 26-year-old U.S. Marshals detainee William Lufkin feel that officials at PCCF are not fully answering their questions regarding the death of their beloved family member. Within 24 hours of his arrival, Billy, as he is known to friends, died in the isolation unit here and neither PCCF nor the U.S. Marshals, who choose to contract with this facility despite its troubling record, have been forthcoming. Another one of the attempted suicides occurred when 24-year-old disabled war veteran Joshua L. Daniels was placed in segregation despite his PTSD diagnosis and record of past suicide attempts at that very isolation unit. The callous brutality and negligence is simply astounding, and one wonders how the U.S. Marshals, Immigration and Customs Enforcement, State Department of Corrections, and MASAC can all contract here knowing the body count.

I hope that the families of others who have died here or have been irreparably harmed will come forward and be counted. Maybe then something positive will come out of the publicity surrounding the preventable death of Aaron Hernandez.



Here is the text of my most recent open letter, which was delivered on March 20th of this year:

Dear Acting Director of the U.S. Marshals Service David Harlow, Massachusetts Governor Charlie Baker, Massachusetts Attorney General Healy, and Chair of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts Board of Registration in Medicine Candace Lapidus Sloane, M.D.:

I wrote to you last month reporting human rights violations here at the Plymouth County Correctional Facility (PCCF,) overseen by Sheriff Joseph D. McDonald Jr. I left it to you to answer my concerns “not by mere words, but my your much louder actions and/or inaction.”

Unfortunately, I received no response and it is now my sad duty to relay news of five subsequent suicide attempts and at least one death at this institution.

First, federal arrestee William Lufkin, whose friends and family called him Billy, hung himself in the isolation unit. He died the day after the US Marshals dropped him off, a mere five days after my last open letter. He was 26. Curiously, and concerning too, his death seems not to have been reported by either PCCF or federal authorities left over from the previous administration.

Around the same time, in the same unit, disabled Afghanistan war veteran Joshua L. Daniels also tried to “hang it up.” Due to what I can only describe as callous negligence and/or reckless disregard for both human life as well as Joshua’s sacred service to our country, the 24-year-old father of two was placed in segregation despite his PTSD diagnosis and previous suicide attempt in this very same facility. As the dangers and human rights concerns surrounding solitary confinement of the mentally ill are well-recognized, and further it is widely known that many of our warriors return home bearing wounds that don’t show on the surface, this tragically predictable result shouldn’t have surprised any of the state-licensed mental health staff here.



DINA RUDICK/GLOBE STAFF

Plymouth County Correctional Facility (PCCF) operates under the purview of Sheriff Joseph D. McDonald Jr., pictured above. .

Though he survived, Joshua is by no means out of the woods. He has now been moved to the infamous Bridgewater State Mental Institution, where it seems a foregone conclusion that his record of service and desperate need for help are being met with apathy and disrespect for our obligations to our veterans. Without the actual care heroes like Mr. Daniels deserve from our state, I fear he will eventually succeed in ending his own life.

I hope by now I have made it obvious that I expect much better from my native Massachusetts, our leaders, and our licensed mental health professionals. Given that Justina Pelletier was maimed and many other children have already been hurt by unwanted and unneeded psychological care forced on them by our state, it would be a tragic irony for Joshua to die having been deprived by our commonwealth of the psychological help that could save his life. We owe those that choose to serve our nation only the best, and when they have trouble readjusting to civilian life due to battlefield trauma they deserve appropriate treatment and most certainly not to slip through the cracks in our justice system.

I'm disturbed by the number of veterans I've encountered here. Joshua is one of three combat rescue personnel I've had the honor of meeting since my arrival on February 4th,



help they need instead of felony convictions that mark them for life? Does their service really mean so little to us and our elected officials here in Massachusetts?



JOSHUA DANIELS/FACEBOOK

Specialist Joshua L. Daniels was incarcerated by the state of Massachusetts at the Plymouth County Correctional Facility (PCCF) where he twice attempted suicide rather than ask for help and risk ending up in PCCF's notoriously punitive "Q5" suicide watch unit.

Additionally, our veterans are not alone here at Plymouth County Correctional Facility. While I was working to draft this letter, another individual, a Mr. DeS, slit his wrist under his bed covers no more than 35 feet away from me. Thankfully, he was discovered before he lost too much blood and was alive when staff wheeled him out.

I am unsure of the identities in the other two recent suicide attempts.

From my experience, it is readily apparent the main problem is the unjustifiably punitive approach taken for mental health here. As you may recall, my previous letter detailed "Q5," a form of torture that masquerades as an emergency mental health intervention at PCCF.



Q5 solitary cells. Most have a bare tile floor and one features a hole in the ground victims must use to defecate instead of a toilet. People are locked in these cells alone, naked or nearly naked, and usually with neither a mattress nor blanket. The temperatures are so cold that skin turns purple, inmates can see their breath, and people find themselves literally frozen to the floor.

While a minority of the survivors I've met were put in "Q5" after seeking mental health assistance, the majority of them do not suffer from mental illness. Instead, they report being put there as a form of extrajudicial punishment by dishonest guards. Specifically regarding "Q5," one staff member rhetorically asked a group of us "you think we don't make up stories?" Having now encountered sadistic and belligerent staff like D. Fernandez and P. Donnelly, it is crystal clear to me that such horrible human rights abuses run rampant and unchallenged by the doctors and upper management here. I even saw medical staff threatened the elderly man who first applied pressure to stop Mr. DeS' bleeding with "Q5" because he flashed his prisoner ID too quickly.

Indeed, about one third of the inmates I interview have been "Q5'ed," and some have been there a dozen times or more. I recently mailed ten complaints on behalf of eight different survivors to the Massachusetts Department of Mental Health, which has already informed me it has decided to abdicate it's duties, as it did in the Pelletier case, rather than investigate.

This dereliction is disastrous for all the inmates here, but especially for those who, like Mr. Daniels, need psychiatric treatment and belong in therapy instead of prison. As it stands, when they seek such assistance they instead find themselves forced into isolation in "Q5" for 24+ hours before they are asked if they still need help. They are held there until they answer "no." Under such circumstances, it isn't hard to conclude why people don't come forward, and it shouldn't be surprising there are a lot of suicides here. I believe "Q5" and similar practices across Massachusetts are the primary cause of our state's extraordinarily high prison suicide rate — about twice the national average.

Let me reiterate now — there is no way I would ever seek help here.

So, I am once again left to ask questions of the utmost urgency.